

Amusements and Meetings.

BARNEY'S ROMAN HIPPODROME—Exhibition at 2:30 and 8 o'clock.

BOOTH'S THEATRE—At 2: "Elizabeth, Queen of England." At 8: "The Merry Wives of Windsor."

CONSUMPTION—Day and evening: "London by Night."

MOONLIGHT.

NIELSEN'S THEATRE—At 2 and 8: "The Lady of the Lake."

UNION SQUARE THEATRE—At 11 and 8: "Lod Astaray."

WALLACE'S THEATRE—At 11 and 8: "Pate." Miss Carotta Locock.

CENTRAL PARK GARDEN—Theodore Thomas's Summer Night's Concert.

ROBINSON HALL—At 2 and 8: Bullock's Royal Marionettes.

Index to Advertisements.

AMUSEMENTS—Eleventh Page—5th and 6th columns.

BANKING AND FINANCIAL—Eleventh Page—4th column.

RECEIVING HOUSES AND BANKERS—Tenth Page—4th column.

BOARD AND ROOMS—Eleventh Page—2d and 3d columns.

RECEIVING HOUSES—Tenth Page—1st column.

CHANCES FOR BUSINESS MEN—Tenth Page—2d column.

CAPITULATION NOTICES—Tenth Page—2d column.

DIVIDED NOTICES—Tenth Page—2d column.

EUROPEAN ADVERTISEMENTS—Tenth Page—3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th columns.

EUROPEAN HOTELS—Tenth Page—5th and 6th columns.

EXCURSIONS—Eleventh Page—6th column.

FINANCIAL—Tenth Page—1st and 2d columns.

FURNITURE—Eleventh Page—6th column.

HORSES, CARRIAGES, HARNESS, ETC.—Tenth Page—4th column.

ICE CREAMS—Eleventh Page—6th column.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—Eleventh Page—6th column.

LOST AND FOUND—Eleventh Page—6th column.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS—Eleventh Page—6th column.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS—Eleventh Page—6th column.

NEW BUILDINGS—Eleventh Page—6th column.

PROPOSALS—Eleventh Page—6th column.

REAL ESTATE—Eleventh Page—6th column.

RECEIVING HOUSES—Tenth Page—1st column.

SALVAGE—Eleventh Page—6th column.

SITUATIONS WANTED—Eleventh Page—4th and 5th columns.

SPECIAL NOTICES—Eleventh Page—6th column.

STRAIGHTS AND RAILROADS—Tenth Page—1st and 2d columns.

STIMULANTS—Eleventh Page—6th column.

TO LET—Eleventh Page—6th column.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN—Eleventh Page—6th column.

Business Notices.

PASSPORTS obtained by addressing HOPKINS & MURDOCK, 429 Broadway, New York.

HALL'S \$4 and \$5 CASHMERE HATS in "Silver" and "Gold" and other styles, at 100 Broadway.

BEST PLAN IN LIFE INSURANCE—The all-around, low-rate plan of the TRAVELERS INSURANCE COMPANY.

PLAIN ENGLISH.

There is a good reason why an English-speaking people should be deterred in Latin. If we should describe the properties of HORTON'S STOMACH BITTERS in the language of the profession, not one reader in twenty would understand what it is good for. We prefer to say in simple words that it possesses strengthening, regulating, and purifying qualities of the highest order; that its vegetable ingredients of which it is composed are eminently wholesome and salutary; and that the stimulant which is combined with them is the purest that can be manufactured. We prescribe it, not in Latin, but in the good old mother tongue. As a remedy for languid debility, nervousness, indigestion, liver complaint, fever and ague, constipation, rheumatism, and all other ailments, it is a preservative of every disease produced by foul air, whether it stagnates in crowded work-rooms or in the air and breath in swampy districts and new dwellings. So the answer say, and so they have been saying for the last twenty years.

FUNCTIONS OF THE BRAIN AND NERVES, a paper by Dr. BROWN SARGENT, TRINITY LECTURE, No. 19, Fifth Street.

TERMS OF THE TRIBUNE.

DAILY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, \$10 per annum.

SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, \$5 per annum.

WEEKLY TRIBUNE, Mail Subscribers, \$2 per annum.

ADVERTISING RATES.

DAILY TRIBUNE, 20 lines for the first week; and at the rate of 15 lines for each subsequent week.

SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE, 25 lines for the first week; and at the rate of 20 lines for each subsequent week.

WEEKLY TRIBUNE, \$2, \$3, and \$5 per line.

According to position in the paper.

Terms, cash in advance.

Address: THE TRIBUNE, New-York.

Advertisements received at up-town offices, 541 W. 2d-st., or 308 W. 2d-st., at the Harlem Office, 539 Broadway, between 2d and 3d Sts., and at the Brooklyn Branch Office, 223 Washington-st., next door to the Post-office, till 5 p. m., at regular rates.

All persons leaving town, and travelers during the summer, can take the **DAILY TRIBUNE** mailed to them for \$1, or including postage, for \$1.30 per month; the address of the paper being changed as often as is wished. The **SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE** can be sent to any address for three months for \$1.50, postage paid; and for \$1.75, exclusive of ocean postage, travelers abroad can have any of the editions of the **TRIBUNE** mailed to their bankers for the following periods: **DAILY TRIBUNE**, one month, \$1.50; **SEMI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE**, three months, \$4.50.

THE TRIBUNE IN EUROPE—An office for **TRIBUNE** Advertisements and Subscriptions is now open in London, No. 84 Fleet-st., E. C. All English and Continental advertisements intended for insertion in **THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE** should be sent direct to the London Office. Subscriptions for any period will be received at the same office, and single copies of the paper may always be obtained.

Address: THE NEW-YORK TRIBUNE, 84 Fleet-st., E. C., London.

During the construction of the front of the new Tribune building, the Tribune Office may be found in the first building in the rear on Spruce-st. The Tribune Counting Room is on the first floor, and is entered at the second door down Spruce-st. from the old site.

New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1874.

TRIPLE SHEET.

The disturbances at the Paris railway station were renewed yesterday. A motion picture was taken in the Assembly to ensure the Minister of the Interior but it was rejected. The assault on M. Gambetta is said to have been made for the purpose of provoking him to a duel. It was thought that the Left Center would introduce a bill into the Assembly for organizing a Republic and for a dissolution of the Assembly. The American Pilgrims had another meeting with Cardinal Borromeo. The Generals in the north of Spain have been authorized by the Government at Madrid to extend pardon to Carlists who submit to the Government.

The Conference report on the Currency bill was taken up in the Senate yesterday at the expiration of the morning hour. Messrs. Sargent, Stewart, Morrill of Maine, and Hager made speeches in support of the adoption of the report. Senator speaking in his favor except Mr. Howe; at the conclusion of the debate the report was adopted, 32 to 23, and shortly after the Senate adjourned. The House passed a bill appropriating \$500,000 for the sufferers by the Southern floods; the consideration of the Sundry Civil Appropriation bill was resumed, and another debate took place on Civil Service reform; Mr. Burwell protested against the criticisms on the President delivered on Thursday; Mr. Kellogg's amendment for the carrying out of the Civil Service rules was rejected; two amendments for appropriations for charitable purposes were also rejected; other unimportant amendments were made, but without disposing of the bill the House adjourned.

The coal miners' strike at Nelsonville, Ohio, continues. No violence has been used, but the union men have persuaded 30 or 40 negroes to desert the operatives and join their ranks. The stockholders of the Baltimore and Potomac Railroad Company held their annual meeting and elected officers. The American Institute of Homoeopathy has adjourned. The Abolitionists' reunion at Chicago closed last night.

The convicted Brooklyn Commissioners of Charities were each sentenced to pay a fine of \$200. The entries for the Harlem regatta were closed. Gold, 110 1/2. 111. Thermometer, 65°, 89°, 72°.

Our Washington dispatches say that the certainty that the new inflation bill will be vetoed seems to take the life out of those who would like to be its friends. A captious bystander once remarked of a man on his way to the gallows that "he didn't seem to take no interest."

THE TRIBUNE published, some weeks ago, a series of charges against the management of the Pension Bureau. Most of these allegations were specific and well defined. We give place

to-day to a rejoinder from a friend of Commissioner Baker, printed on our fourth page. The writer is very much in earnest; but his letter is more general than explicit.

In a letter published on the third page of THE TRIBUNE, Bayard Taylor continues the highly interesting story of Old Egypt, begun in a previous paper. Experts in Egyptology will find something new, possibly, in the result of M. Mariette's researches among these ancient records. Certainly every man who studies the history of his race will here find much food for reflection.

There was another slight rustling among the dry bones of Civil Service reform in the House yesterday. Gen. Butler, not satisfied with the depth at which this unfortunate banishing has been buried, wanted to dance a rigodon over the grave. He had defeated the appropriation for the expenses of the Civil Service Commission; he desired to have the House express its disapprobation of the practice making clerks "sit in judgment on their fellows." This unkind cut at the Examining Boards was well received by the House. In fact, the House considers the whole thing a very ghastly joke.

Shortly after Mr. Greeley's death Typographical Union No. 6, comprising most of the journeymen in the daily papers of this city, asked that to them might be left the task of erecting a monument over his grave, to which they proposed to give the form of a type metal statue. They began the work of collecting funds for this purpose, and had raised perhaps half enough, when the dull season, followed by the panic, put a stop to their work. At their late National Convention they passed resolutions to take up and complete their task at an early day, and appointed a thorough-going Committee to that end. The resolutions and Committee, as furnished by them, are given elsewhere.

There is great danger that the Customs reform bill will be lost. Congress will adjourn on the 22d of June. The bill hangs between the two houses, a number of radical changes having been made by the Senate. The House will disagree, the Senate having been much more liberal in its treatment of the bill than the popular branch of Congress. Disagreement means a Conference Committee; and a Conference Committee means indefinite delay. This is an alarming state of things. But the enemies of the reform have been fighting for this all along. The friends of the bill may as well make up their minds to stay in Washington until Congress adjourns if they wish to save it.

France is in commotion again over Gambetta. The Republican ex-Dictator arraigned the Bonapartists for the use of official influence to control an election. They thereupon assailed him with charges of similar conduct years ago. He spoke of them in response as wretches, and at this point the Gascon blood decided that the Pickwickian limits had been passed. Hence hustlings, insults, blows, threatened duels, and a tumult which seems skillfully fanned with a view of attempting to provoke an outbreak. Through it all the truth is clear that the Republicans have not been the aggressors, and that the Bonapartists are practicing the old, arrogant, domineering tactics as recklessly as if they had forgotten Sedan and never heard of the Republican triumphs at the polls.

The soundings with reference to a bed for the cable to Japan reveal a rather different condition of affairs between Honolulu and Yokohama from that which has hitherto been found characteristic of the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. The letter on our third page describes at least six mountain peaks or ridges that intervene between those points, five being submarine and one reaching the surface. These mountains are from five to twelve thousand feet in height from the rest of the bed, which is a very level plain. The summits of these activities are covered with coral and lava, which are so hard as to indent the sounding cylinder. These certainly do not seem like favorable conditions for a submarine cable, but there are many compensating advantages about this route that may outweigh its difficulties. A curious account of a rarely visited island, where an old Massachusetts whaler for many years presided as Governor, adds to the interest of the correspondence.

The exposure of the corruption in judicial affairs in Arkansas made by the House Committee on Expenditures in the Department of Justice will surprise nobody. From the day when United States Marshal Logan H. Root disbursed \$40,000 a month until now, the administration of justice in Arkansas has been a most expensive farce. The report of the House Committee is temperate in tone, and seems to present the facts more in sorrow than in anger. The summary elsewhere printed is a scandalous one. Mr. Root is reported as running a National Bank, with a capital of \$50,000, doing a great business in fraudulent vouchers. A genial deputy marshal, Perry Duval by name, says that he and his coadjutors used to ride over the country and "gobble up" wayfarers, arresting them on baseless charges for the sake of the mileage and fees. Altogether, the condition of affairs in the United States Districts is not a whit better than in the State under the discordant reign of Brooks and Baxter. Now, what shall be done about it?

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

Nine years after the close of the war and eight months after the panic, the Senate of the United States has passed a third bill for the manufacture of more paper money, and the House of Representatives stands ready to concur in the act. The President, by using the veto power, will save the country from the fatal consequences which otherwise would follow. By generations to come President Grant will be remembered not only as the victorious General, but as the man who did services as great for his country by arresting this insane legislation. He may do even more. Twenty millions of Greenbacks have been issued above the legal limit. Even Richardson himself did not pretend to regard these as other than a "Reserve." If such be their character, now, with money at two per cent and a drug at that, is the time to "reserve" them. If, as we have always held, they are simply an unwarranted and illegal issue, now is the time to get them into the cremation furnace in the Treasury basement. These twenty-six millions can be got out of the way, during the present plethora of money, without raising a financial ripple; and no better means for stimulating the revival of business could be taken.

But, while for the present the prospect is favorable, while the country is slowly recovering, while the outlook for honest business and industry is steadily brightening, we must

remember that a great and difficult work is before us. As long as the present ignorance and confusion in regard to the nature and uses of money exist nothing is safe. The labor of years may at any time be lost in a month. The question of currency reform must be kept alive.

The present course of Congress, since it tends to keep alive the popular interest in this supremely important matter, is cause for great rejoicing. We, speaking for all the advocates of a fixed quantity of gold or silver as the only standard of value, court the fullest investigation of the principles of science, of the facts of history, and of the moral laws which should govern the dealings between debtor and creditor. We take it as no reproach, but the highest praise, to be called "book financiers." The truths of history and of science are to be learned only from books and the students of the debasement of the currency will never be discovered by those who draw their inspiration from the noisy labor unions and patrons of husbandry crying for "more money," like four-year-old children for green fruit. Give us agitation, discussion, inquiry, research, and deference to the opinions of those who have taken pains to get at the bottom of the matter, and we fear neither the judgment of honest men nor the sophistry and assurance of ten thousand Mortons and Logans. Our reliance is upon the good sense and integrity of the great mass of farmers, mechanics, laborers, and professional men. Never, in the history of these United States, has faith in the ultimate honesty and intelligence of the people been misplaced.

SOUTH CAROLINA—UTAH.

It is said to be almost certain that the bill for the regulation of affairs in the Territory of Utah, passed some days ago by the House, will be passed by the Senate and approved by the President. The provisions of the bill have been heretofore stated at length in THE TRIBUNE, and do not need to be repeated. It is sufficient to say that its effect is to turn every Mormon sheriff out of office, and deprive every member of the Mormon church of one of the most valuable rights of citizenship by excluding them from the jury box. It is, in short, to do for Utah what has been done already for South Carolina.

We beg the Senate to consider this question seriously as one not of sentiment but purely of good government and safe precedent. To turn the owners of the fruitful farms and productive fields of Utah out of the jury-box and disfranchise them from one of the most important privileges of the citizen, is a step involving the gravest consequences not alone to the men whose rights of life, liberty, and property are thus put at the mercy of a minority, but to the whole structure of our government. We leave entirely out of the question now the fact that the minority in that Territory, known as Gentiles, are for the most part landless and irresponsible, having little or no stake in the Territory, and the further fact, patent to all who are familiar with the affairs of Utah, that this law is asked for by men whose sole object is to secure the offices and enrich themselves at the expense of the original settlers and present property owners. We make no account of the fact that these men are making a burlesque of morality and religion when they pretend to be actuated only by a desire to purify the morals of the Territory and maintain the Christian religion. We ask the Senate to lay aside the social and religious aspects of the case and treat the subject from a purely political point of view.

The bill passed the House under the stress of appeals to sentiment, prejudice, and passion. Upon the theory that the disgraceful crime of polygamy must be suppressed at all hazards, this bill, which is a worse political crime than the one it is aimed at, since it is a blow at self-government and a denial of popular rights, has been rushed through one branch of the National Legislature. The offenses of the Mormons are not to be overlooked or defended; they are a disgrace to the present century and to our civilization. Nor can the lawless acts which were committed under the sanction of the Mormon church during the time when that community was isolated from the rest of the world, and found impunity in that isolation, be in any manner justified or condoned. But neither their past offenses nor their continued disregard of the laws prohibiting polygamy can justify so sweeping a measure as this. The blow which this bill aims at a single community and a single crime strikes at our system of government; it establishes a precedent fraught with most dangerous consequences to the country and the people. In the case of South Carolina there was the excuse that her citizens had committed a political crime in engaging in rebellion; that they had thereby disfranchised themselves, and furthermore, that the emancipated and enfranchised blacks needed protection. But here there is no such argument.

With South Carolina lying prostrate and helpless under the foot of the spoiler, her citizens impoverished, business ruined, enterprise destroyed, lands sold for taxes, her people at the mercy of an ignorant and dishonest rabble, her legislators and her rulers a gang of unprincipled adventurers and shameless thieves, and the whole State crying to the President, to Congress, and even to the passer-by for succor and relief—with such an example of the effect of this sort of legislation under the very eyes of Congress, it is almost incredible that the same policy toward the Territory of Utah should be proposed. South Carolina should be a sufficient warning. The decent and reputable citizens, tax-payers of that State, have sent delegations to Washington praying for some measure of relief. Both the President and Congress have listened to them coldly, and while admitting the hardships of their situation, have said they could give them no help. Is it possible that in face of these facts the process which has brought South Carolina low is to be applied to Utah?

THE SUITS AGAINST BROOKLYN OFFICIALS.

The exceedingly light sentence passed upon the Charity Commissioners of Brooklyn, who were convicted of violating the plain provisions of the law that defined their duties, will excite surprise. Judge Daniels said, indeed, that he would have been willing to inflict the utmost penalty of the law, which includes imprisonment and fine; but his associates urged extreme leniency. The reasons for such kindly consideration are nowhere evident. The Commissioners had simply placed the law at defiance. It interfered with the custom of the Board of allying contracts to its favorites without regard to the cost to tax-payers. Small title to the sympathies of the court had these conscienceless guardians of the poor, standing between the outstretched hand of public charity and the

unfortunate in the almshouse, and dispensing fat contracts to their intimate friends.

The case is strikingly different from that of Sprague, the ex-Treasurer. His friends claim that he was not the guilty party in the unquestioned thefts which occurred during his official term. They lay the crime at the door of Rodman and the Trust Company. It seems doubtful whether any skill or energy on the part of the prosecution could have made the suit successful after the first cunning stop taken by Britton before THE TRIBUNE had driven him from office, whereby he saved the real culprit or the tool of the real culprit, by pretending that his evidence was necessary against Sprague. From this false step Britton's successors could make no escape. Failing then on Sprague, their failure seems absolute. What other culprits are concealed by Rodman's immunity may never be made public. But the whole business as it stands; the proved embezzlement of public funds in the one case and their willful waste in the other; the disregard and violation of law; the pettifoggery measures by which the defense has been protracted; the futile prosecutions ending in nothing but trifling fines, acquittal, and immunity,—all place the government of the City of Brooklyn under a ban of disgrace which her good citizens must feel far more deeply than any losses which dollars and cents can measure.

THE DISTRICT BURGLARY.

The first impulse of almost every disinterested person, on reading the story of the robbery of the District-Attorney's safe in Washington, was to exclaim at the stupidity of such a clumsy scheme to discredit the adversaries of the District Ring. The plot seemed so transparent and the performance was such a stupendous piece of bungling that we hardly knew whether to be more indignant at the baseness of the conspirators or disgusted at their inefficiency. But as fuller reports of the testimony taken by the Committee are made public, we see that the job was planned, after all, with a good deal of shrewdness, and might have succeeded but for two or three trifling accidents. The purpose of the criminals appears to have been to implicate one of the most prominent and highly respected of the memorialists, Mr. Columbus Alexander, in a felony. The first step was for one Michael Hayes to call upon Alexander and offer to deliver, for a consideration, the private account books of the Ring paving-contractor John O. Evans. Mr. Alexander refused to pay for any such service; but Hayes persisted in his proposal, and one day brought a companion to Mr. Alexander's house, and introduced him in the following words: "This is the man that will bring you the books." "Look at him so you will know him." About this time Hayes stated to three reputable citizens of Baltimore with whom he had some acquaintance that he was employed by Harrington to blow up a safe and put the blame on somebody else, and that a professional gentleman from Sing Sing was to be hired for the mechanical part of the job. The recipients of this extraordinary confidence, supposing that it had some connection with the Sanborn case, carried the story to their representative in Congress, Mr. Swann, and were then sent with it to Messrs. Dawes and Foster, to the President, and to Mr. Richardson; but nobody knew what to make of it until the mystery was cleared up by subsequent occurrences.

The agents being secured and Mr. Alexander prepared for the receipt of the supposed secret documents and for an interview with the burglar, Mr. Harrington was seen to enter his office with what appeared to be an account book, and to come out again leaving it behind him. Whether he had "planted" it is of course a matter of conjecture. He next exhibited an anonymous letter, warning him that a "bloke" in Washington had engaged persons to rifle the safe in his office the next night; and although the Chief of Police was disposed to make light of the story, Mr. Harrington insisted that there was something in it, and jumped at once to the remarkable conclusion that the "bloke" was Columbus Alexander. In his evidence before the Committee to be sure he denies that he ever suspected this gentleman, but the Chief of Police emphatically contradicts him. In accordance with Mr. Harrington's request and under his personal direction a watch was set about the office. It was probably the most extraordinary watch in the history of police administration, and it was rewarded by the discovery of the most extraordinary burglary in the whole history of crime. The janitor of the building was sent out of the way, and Mr. Harrington and the Chief took their seats in a back room overlooking the office. In a little while the two burglars came and tried the door, but the watchers held it on the inside (there was no lock), and the intruders took the hint and retired. Mr. Harrington then "thought they had better get out of there," so they stationed themselves in the street, immediately opposite the City Hall. There they were reinforced by two policemen, and pretty soon Mr. Tom Shepherd, the brother of the Boss, came along in a casual way, and joined the party in ambush. It might have been supposed that the burglars would have run away for the night when they found somebody holding the door against them in the little back room; but no; in the course of half an hour Hayes and the Sing Sing professional came back as bold as brass, burst open the office, threw up the windows with a great deal of noise, closed the blinds and went to work—forgetting even to station a guard on the outside, a precaution which we believe gentlemen of their craft do not usually neglect. The police wished now to step in and arrest the men, but Harrington said he must see what they would do with the booty. He accordingly instructed the officers to wait until the burglars came out, to follow the one with a bundle, and if he went to Columbus Alexander's house to let him deliver the property and then to arrest the thief and Alexander too. Presently there was a loud explosion and the two men reappeared. Hayes walked away unmolested. The other, carrying a satchel, went in the direction of Mr. Alexander's house, and the watchers followed him. It was a curious chase. The robber showed neither hurry nor concern, and Harrington, Tom Shepherd, and the three officers stepped so close upon his heels that they almost trod on him. He accented his pursuers after a while and asked if "Mr. Columbus something" did not live around there. They showed him the house, and he rang the bell, while they waited on the sidewalk.

The plot—if it was a plot—had worked so well thus far that success seemed certain. Mr. Alexander would come down, and recognizing the man who was to bring him the secret books, would receive the satchel without

suspicion. But just here intervened one of those accidents against which the most astute schemers cannot always provide. The job had taken longer than anybody expected; it was after one o'clock, and Mr. Alexander "did not wake up." The bell was rung again and again, but there was no response. The burglar went to the basement door, and rang there with no better result. At last the Chief of Police, afraid of losing the man, refused to wait any longer, and made the arrest. Harrington was forced to acknowledge that there was nothing to connect Mr. Alexander with the robbery, and so the whole plan fell through. The Chief of Police, in his examination before the Committee, made no secret of his belief that the burglary was prearranged, though he refused to say whether he suspected Mr. Harrington of having anything to do with it. We can all make up our own minds on that point, and we can perhaps imagine with sufficient distinctness what took place when the chief members of the District Government met the next morning after their anxious night. For it is in evidence that while these things were going at the District Attorney's office and in front of Mr. Alexander's house, a nice little party was waiting at the Club House on New-York Avenue. It comprised Gov. Shepherd, Mr. John O. Evans, and a number of other persons connected with the Board of Public Works, and it was arranged that Harrington and the Chief of Police should meet them there as soon as the job was over. And "have a little something to eat." Evans stayed until morning, but it does not appear that the Assistant District Attorney felt like keeping his appointment.

Of course this matter must not rest here. We do not know what opinion the Committee will express upon it, but as soon as a change can be made in the office of Attorney for the District an investigation should certainly be instituted by a Grand Jury. Somebody has evidently been concerned in a dastardly conspiracy for which the punishment should be swift and severe.

JUNE TRAVEL.

"When we are dead," said Hawthorne one evening, sitting down in one of the loveliest of New-England cemeteries, "when we are dead, we Americans begin to enjoy ourselves." There has been a change since Hawthorne's time in nothing more than this: We Americans betake ourselves now to enjoyment every Summer for a week, or for months, as the case may be; in a practical, scientific way, it is true, meaning to "make it pay," with one eye on our improved digestion and the other on our nervous system, taking fresh air and Nature, as if they were quinine or cod liver oil, as tonics. It does not matter so much, however, what reason drags us at first to the country. We shall find better motives there for ourselves after awhile.

We have been giving from time to time a list of cheap and pleasant resorts in the neighborhood for the benefit of those of our citizens who want the pure air and quiet of country life, but who are forced to consult economy in the search of them, and who must remain near the city. Others, however, who are free footed, and who have culture and taste to appreciate the wonders of our American scenery, dawdle the Summer idly away in the tedious glare of a seaside hotel, or go over to "do" France or England again from sheer ignorance of anywhere else to go. We follow each other in herds like sheep too much in this country. English and German tourists are hurrying even now with a contemptuous snuff past our fashionable resorts, to explore the Yellowstone or the cañons of Colorado, while we crowd, in panting, well-dressed gangs, after Mr. Murray up the Adirondacks, or after the President and John Chamberlain to the races at Long Branch. All honor to Mr. Murray for opening up that pretty little mountain region; but why should we shut ourselves for all time into it? Our artists have made themselves usually the pioneers in exploring new haunts. As early as May this year they were off planting their camp-stools and yellow umbrellas in mountain lights and on lonely stretches of sea-beach, whose names the vulgar know not, and which are to be found on no list of excursion tickets. Far be it from us to betray them and turn the tide of Saratoga trunks, croquet boxes, and champagne baskets in upon their solitude. But we would urge upon any of our readers whose taint of vagabond blood rebels at Nature in living at Newport and the pretty pastured villas of our suburban retreats, not to leave any longer the untold wonders of our own Western territories to foreigners to discover. No country in the world contains such variety of magnificent scenery as the United States, but the majority of her people know only her tamest and most commonplace landscapes. The lovely lakes of Minnesota, the horrors of Colorado rivers, the grassless deserts and mountain ranges of Arizona, awful in their lifelessness as any home of the damned in Dante's Inferno, we scarcely care to read of, much less to explore. We are apt, too, to excuse our lack of interest in our own country by a contempt for its vulgar newness; forgetting that in the great south-western deserts are cities and burying places, beside which London and Paris are but yesterday. Many of these have been seen by but one or two white men.

If any of our readers would like the excitement of a cheaper exploring tour nearer home, we could hint to them of odd discoveries to be made along the Nova Scotia coast; of deer and bear and trout streams in desolate mountain gorges in Pennsylvania, where the foot of a "Summer boarder" hath never trod; of sleepy villages five thousand feet above the sea level, among the passes and brilliant sunsets of the Black Mountains; of cheery country neighborhoods in Virginia, where board (plentiful and good) may be had for twelve dollars a month; of jaunts to be made on horseback or in private conveyances to a thousand curious corners down in the bowels of the earth or somewhere up in the sky. But the man for whom these choice bits belong needs no guide-book or finger-post to point him to them, nor would he care to have them published to the whole world in THE TRIBUNE.

OUR STEP-BROTHER.

In all the sermons which we shall hear preached in the city pulpits to-morrow, there will be but two themes, God and our brother; and by Monday morning, if we have listened to a preacher of our own creed, we shall have digested and accepted the dogmas laid down concerning our Maker; but with regard to our neighbor we shall, most of us, have our own opinion, in spite of the sermon, just as before. The mysterious awful Presence, behind Nature and human life, we are usually humble enough to be willing to look at and believe in, through the prophetic vision or faith of other men; the preacher is qualified to instruct us in His mercy and power. But when it comes to lay-

ing down the law about Jones or Smith, we shake our heads knowingly as we go out of our pews. We are a little sharper, we flatter ourselves, than the good man there. As to this matter of brotherhood of which he talks, the secret conviction with us, no matter what our Christian zeal, is that while it is all very well for the Polynesian savage or the Laplander, who are quite out of sight, to claim a common Father with us, and only a pleasant titillation of our emotions to send them a brotherly greeting in the shape of Bibles and missionaries, the case is very different when it comes to that snobbish little Potts round the corner, throwing mud on our wife's dress from the wheels of his dog-cart, or the drunken cook who has just burned up our dinner. Brothers, indeed! We are all alike in this. The good preacher himself comes down out of the pulpit, where he has been urging that God made of one blood all the children of men, and stops to speak kindly to Deacon Wright, the meanest man in the parish, though he knows Wright will sneer at him and his sermon and his wife's new bonnet as soon as his back is turned. But does he put the Deacon side by side with his twin brother Joe out in Iowa, whom he is going to see this coming August? He has gone shivering without an overcoat all Winter that he may take some little gifts to poor Joe's wife and babies. As for the Wrights, he knows in his secret soul that the parish and the world in general would breathe freer if the whole lot were incontinently drowned. The world is divided for us all into Wrights and brother Joes, and the most that Christianity can do for us is to help us treat the first with a benevolent forgiveness for their unlikeness to ourselves.

The fact is (and it would be wise in religious and social leaders to recognize it as a fact), that differing tastes and temperaments, not character nor position, put two-thirds of the men and women about us at secret war with us; if they are our brothers, they are certainly what the French would call *les frères loins*. The service of our great Master requires us to help them if they need it in body and soul as energetically as we would help ourselves, but it demands no more. Churches and society waste too much time in dragging people into harness together, striving to make intimates of them, when they would love each other much better apart. As long as the good parson keeps Deacon Wright at a distance there is a chance that they will respect each other and work together for their common cause in harmony. But as soon as they fall into sociable arguments and into the habit of dining in company, each discovers the other to be a fool. As for society, how much of our lives is wasted in trying to form partnerships—for an hour's talk perhaps, or perhaps for life—with men or women who ought to live at the antipodes from us, with their heads forever going precisely the other way through space? To think of the millions of "calls" made by women and dinner parties given by men, from which come nothing but platitudes, dreary emptiness, and a peevish sense of exhaustion, simply because like has not wit and wisdom to mate with like. A heroic idea or our religion may make it easy for us to die for a man; while if he were to visit us for a week, we would nag each other into a frenzy. Our lay sermon to all beginners in social life, if we could supplement those of to-morrow, would be to give their help heartily to all their step-brothers in the world, but if they want peace in the family, to keep them at arm's length while they are shaking hands.

Independent journalism has received a severe blow, (possibly fatal) from that well known and powerful newspaper, *The Texas Ledger*. The formula laid down by this dependent journal is verbatim as follows: "No paper claiming to be independent has any claims whatever to be styled 'Democratic.' From this it follows that a newspaper to be 'Democratic' must have no opinions of its own; must be merely a register of the opinions of others; must be only the mouthpiece of Committees and Conventions; must be ready to avow and to disavow the same principles with equal facility; must defend every decision of the caucus as Democratic, no matter how un-Democratic it may be; must eat dirt when it seems expedient to do so, as if it were a toothsome delicacy; must not only disavow a conscience, but strenuously uphold the wickedness of having one at all; must print lies in types almost too large for the purest and most important truths; and must stand by the party though the party may be staggering under an avalanche of its own follies and mistakes. Such is a party organ, and it is nothing better; and such sacrifices it must make for the sake of lucre or of some shadowy notion of consistency. We need hardly argue against the immorality of such self-surrender. We shall be better understood if we tell these poor puppets, of which the number is becoming few, that merely as a matter of policy, their self-debasement is utterly suicidal. They are not only in the way of making nothing by their course, but they are losing their own standing as Democratic newspapers with the Democracy itself. The next thing which may happen to them may be excommunication from the party which they have served with such thick and thin devotion. A kind of independency will be forced upon them when it will do no good; for they will have no friends to toady at last."

Mayorality candidates grow plenty in spite of the weather. In fact, some of the newspapers seem to have special malice in prematurely announcing men only to get them slaughtered before they can. Besides Messrs. William Butler Duncan, Henry G. Stebbins, and Recorder Hackett, we now hear of Abram S. Hewitt, who certainly has admirable administrative facilities, and of John Kelly, whose living monument is revived Tammany. Even yet the noise and confusion are so great, that we find it difficult to hear, with any great distinctness, the clarion tones that are to propose the re-nomination of Mr. Mayor Havemeyer.

An advertisement in THE TRIBUNE the other day treated in the briefest and most business-like way a change in the conditions of the transportation problem, which may do as much as the Grangers and Congress together to settle it. The Baxter steam canal boat having made a successful trip to Buffalo and back, and being likely to be soon followed by sister craft, advertised for freight. With steam navigation on the canal, railroad tyranny through one-half the year at least is likely to remain a mere figure of speech, and not a very effective one at that.

An awful story of the waste which haste makes comes to us from Burlington, Iowa. He was a careful John, and anxious to get his vehicle and fare over the railway crossing before the train backed down, he caused a lovely Summer hat to bounce ruinously against the roof of the hack, while at the same moment a set of false teeth came flying from the window. What made it worse was that the train did not come that way at all. We are not told how much he charged for these extra comforts and diversions; but something handsome no doubt the passenger had to pay for this healthy lift.

Dreadful are the dangers of navigation. *The Erie* (Penn.) *Duplicate* announces that "the scow Florence of Conneaut, Ohio, with a cargo of gypsum from a Canadian port, called yesterday at the outer pier, her crew being in a famished condition." Think of being upon the wild raging billow in a scow with neither food nor drink!